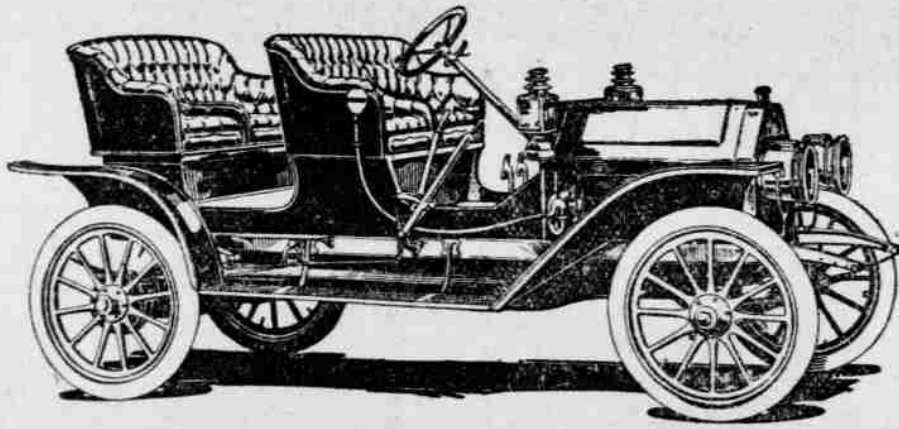


E. M. F. STUDEBAKER "30"

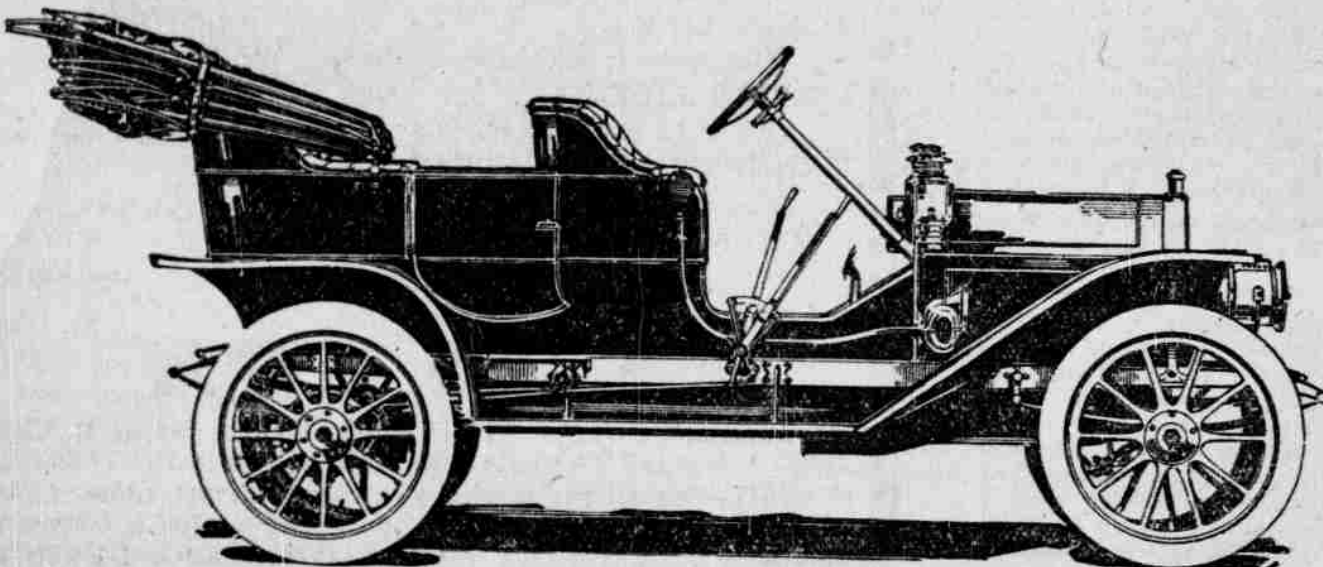
1909 MODEL



1909 MODEL

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Schuman Carriage Co., Ltd.

THE VEILED LADY'S HOUR OF TRIUMPH

By Alice Packard.

It was the height of the winter season in a crowded Swiss hotel. Major Wotherston had just arrived and was being persuaded by a pretty niece to attend the ice carnival that evening.

"You simply must come. All you have to do is to buy a mask; you needn't even bother about a fancy dress."

"Oh, I'm too old."

"Too old! nonsense! Besides, everybody's going! Why, even that hideous Miss King with a harelip is sure to be there, and she's about the limit," laughed the girl.

"Thanks for classing me with the limit, but I'll go if only to keep you quiet—and who's Miss King, anyway?"

"Oh, an old tramp who talks to nobody, and looks melancholy."

"Ah, then it couldn't be the same," remarked the major to himself.

The lady in question was sitting in her bedroom on the fourth floor with a mirror in her hand. She was neither so old nor so frumpish as she appeared to highly critical 18, but the face she was looking at in the mirror was almost grotesque.

Ten years ago she had been beautiful and had carried all before her. Now naught remained of that beauty but the eyes. They were lovely still, dark blue and expressive. Ten years ago Hermione King had fallen face foremost from a dogcart; her face had hit a sharp stone and the curious scar from nose to chin which appeared to cleave both upper and lower lip in two made her well-nigh hideous.

She had been on the point of being engaged to a prominent soldier when fate dealt her this crushing blow. She determined he should never see her again.

Had it not been for a frontier war and a hasty call to active service she might not have been able to carry out her plan, for the soldier was much in love; but things were made easy, and she was able to take herself out of his life completely.

"And he's arrived here of all places," she said to herself. "I might have known I was bound to come across him one day. He shall not see me, though. He loves me, then, but who could love this?" and she struck the image of her face in the glass with the back of her hand.

"And yet, the eyes are always the same. Who was the Frenchwoman who said: 'Give me a good pair of eyes and I'll do the rest?' I believe I could 'do the rest,' too."

She sat thinking a minute.

"I will, I will, and it shall be tonight at the ice carnival. He shall see me and—yes—he shall love me again just for an hour. I'll forget these grim years—throw them off and

be young again and enjoy. I'll have just one hour back of my lost youth and beauty. And afterward? Well, what matter?"

"Ah, it's good to live again," and she laughed to herself as she went about her room, pulling drawers hastily out, searching for the articles she required for the fancy dress which was to conceal all that was repulsive and only show what could charm and delight.

A cloudless sky, illuminated with a thousand stars, snow peaks towering on all sides, made a romantic setting for the brilliantly lighted rink, and the exhilaration had apparently entered into the souls of the revelers.

The veiled Turkish lady was undoubtedly the success of the evening.

"Did you ever know a girl with eyes just like yours named Hermione King?" said Major Wotherston, who had skated boldly up to the mysterious veiled lady.

"Ah, monsieur," she replied, laughing, and speaking in French, "I don't understand one word. In French, please."

"Oh—er—esker, esker, but I can't speak French. Dash it all! I know you are English, and do speak to me in your natural voice."

"Ah, monsieur, you are charming, and so handsome I know under that mask, mais, quel dommage que je ne vous comprends pas!"

He looked long at her.

"It is Hermione! There's only one pair of eyes like that in all the world. The game's up, Hermione; speak to me and tell me where you've been all these years and why you disappeared out of my life."

"Why? Because I chose; don't ask a woman her reasons, for you're sure not to hear the right ones."

She was speaking in her natural voice.

"And now that I've found you, am I to lose you again?" he asked.

"Perhaps, who knows? It depends how glad you are to find me."

"Glad! Hermione, just the sight of those eyes sets me on fire again. You knew I loved you before. I love you more than ever today. But come away out of this crowd," and he led her to a little deserted kiosk by the side of the rink.

The fun was growing fast and furious. Brightly dressed figures were darting to and fro—girls were laughing and quite half-heartedly fleeing from their masked pursuers, and a note of wild abandon was creeping in. The band was playing faster and louder, and under cover of the noise and laughter Major Wotherston was speaking to Hermione in the little kiosk.

"Ah, my darling! say you love me, and let me kiss those eyes."

He leant forward, and as he kissed her he put his hand to draw aside the yashmak which covered nose and mouth.

"Let me see your face again."

"No, Fred, no—wait," she said, holding down the yashmak with all her strength. "Tell me, could you love

me whatever I was like, even if I were ugly—hateful to look at?"

"What do you mean? You could never be that, you would always be beautiful, Hermione; years could make no difference."

There are men and men. Some, just a few, would have loved her in spite of all. Major Wotherston was not of those, and she knew it.

Meanwhile he had his hand on the yashmak once more. "Just one kiss on those sweet lips, Hermione, that I may know you really are mine."

"No," she almost panted, "wait till to-morrow, and then—perhaps—"

She was trying to escape out of the kiosk. But he held her close in his arms while she struggled to free herself.

"Then you don't care for me, after all," he said. "You let me kiss you, and I made sure—"

"I've cared for you for ten years," she almost sobbed, interrupting him, but let me go now."

"I can't now you've said that."

She struggled. "Oh! Fred, please," she implored.

"Tell me when I'm to see you again, and then you shall be free."

"To-morrow, 11 o'clock, here."

He released her reluctantly, and she glided away, quickly lost to sight in the motley throng.

A quarter of an hour later Hermione was hastily packing her trunks.

"I shall be gone long before he is up," she said to herself, "and I've had my hour. I've known again what it is to be a success—sought after—loved. I've felt his arms round me and his kiss on my eyes. But is one golden hour worth the heartache that I think I shall have all my life? Oh, for strength to go back to the old sad life, and to bear it as I did before to-night!"

Major Wotherston met his pretty niece at breakfast the next morning.

"What do you think?" she said. "I've discovered who the sultan's wife really was—Miss King—that dreadful looking person I told you of. She left at eight o'clock. I saw her trunks being taken downstairs, and then as I passed her open door just now on my way down I saw the yashmak lying on the floor. I knew it by the curious border of sequins. What's the matter, Uncle Fred?"

"What was she like?" he asked in a voice strangely unlike his own.

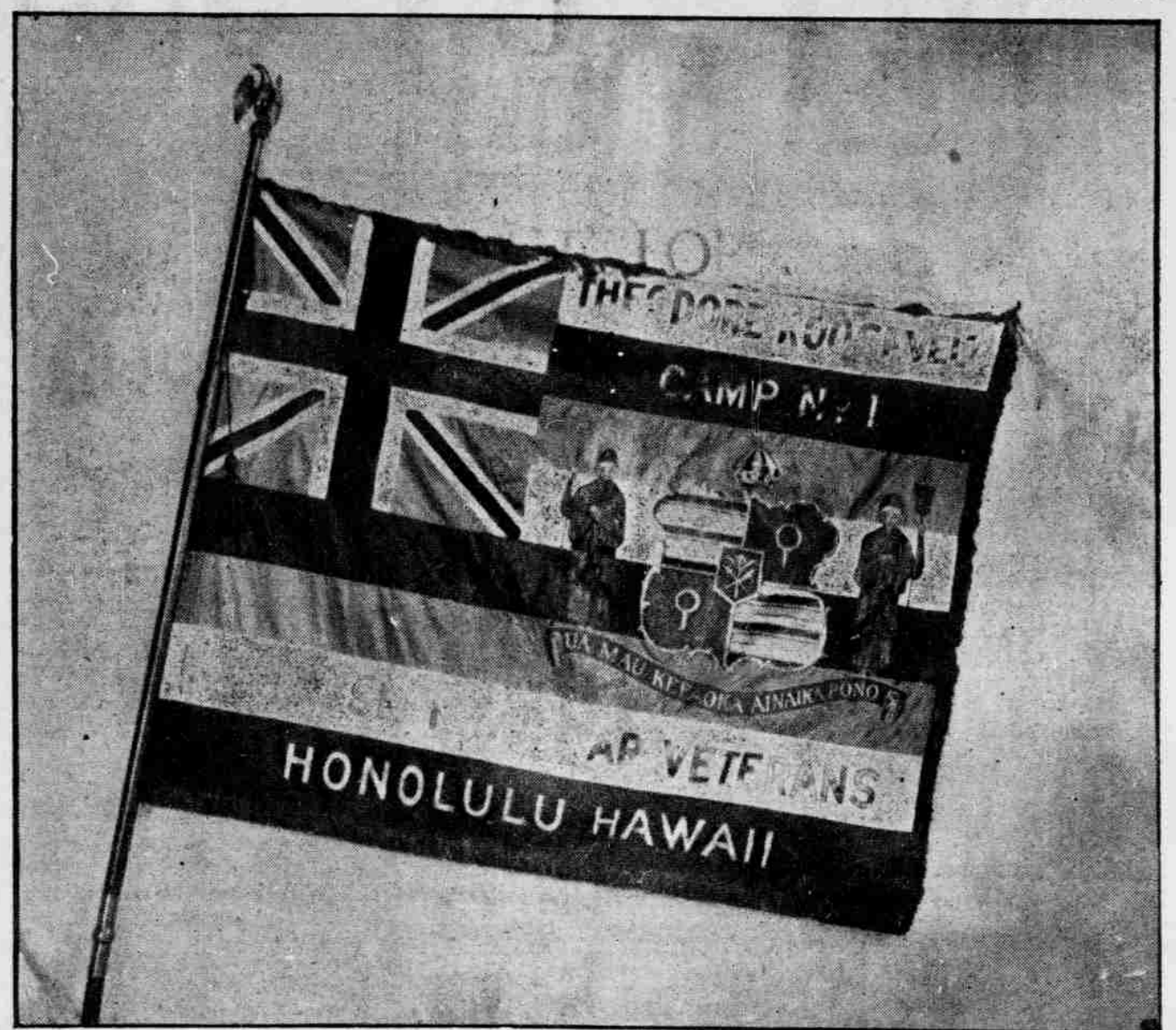
"Oh, positively awful, almost laughable, and I hear it was all the result of an accident, poor thing. But fancy her carrying everything before her last night, and making all the men just mad to find out who she was, because they thought she must be a beauty, and because she was more amusing and fascinating than any one there."

Hermione disappeared for the second time out of Major Wotherston's life.

He never found her, and for the best of reasons—he never sought her.

The famous English divorce lawyer, Cresswell, afterward Sir Cresswell Cresswell, was a most pompous man. His manner once so irritated Justice Maule, before whom he was arguing, that the latter at last burst out with:

"Mr. Cresswell, I wish you would remember that I am a vertebrate animal. Your manner to me would be insolence from God Almighty to a black beetle."



FLAG OF THE SPANISH WAR VETERANS OF ROOSEVELT CAMP, HONOLULU.

NAPOLEON FOUND IT FUTILE TO HIDE

A Paris contemporary at the time of the carnival had a story of the ineffectual efforts of the King of the Belgians to effect a perfect disguise, and in connection with the Mi Carême fetes another similar story is told of Napoleon I. at a bal masque.

Going into the ballroom Napoleon at once relapsed into his accustomed attitude, and wishing to engage a lady in conversation approached her with his hands behind his back. To his first question she prefaced her reply with "Sire."

The valet redressed his master and warned him to keep his hands at his side. No sooner had he entered the room the second time than once more he relapsed into his natural attitude. This time a lady addressed him, "Sire, you are recognized," says the London Globe.

Napoleon was disguised for the third

time. His toilet complete, he went back to the ballroom, which he entered as if it were a barrack room, pushing and swaggering. He was at once detected and some one whispered to him "Your Majesty is recognized." Another disappointment and another change, still with the same result, and in the end the Emperor left the embassy convinced that it was impossible to conceal his identity.

SUN MOVES WITH STARS.

One of Stream Constantly Traveling in Same Direction.

The sun is one of a stream of stars moving in the same direction and with equal velocities. Thus says Prof. Koibold of the observatory of Kiel, who has become convinced by his studies of star currents that the sun does actually form part of such a current, which is moving toward a point on the edge of the milky way. Kapteyn of Groningen has come to the conclusion that the stars drift in two directions. This conclusion is based on the examination of 2,500 stars observed repeatedly.

To the everyday person it seems trivial to consider defects amounting to only one part of 250,000 in the rela-

tive accuracy of wave lengths of different solar and metallic spectrum lines, but astronomers find that important conclusions in at least three different lines of research depend on these small differences. There is the determination of the motions of heavenly bodies in the line of sight of the observer, which depend on the measurement of the shifting lines of the spectra. In this work an error of this sort corresponds to a difference of velocity of more than a mile a second.

As another research demanding accurate measurements may be cited the comparison of metallic and solar or other star spectra to determine the constitution of the heavenly bodies. Sometimes the spectra were supposed to coincide when there was a divergence which means great differences.

Simeon Easvog, after living sixty years on a farm finds his quarters on shipboard somewhat cramped. He obviates the lack of space, however, by stowing his trousers and shoes into a round cupboard in the side of the vessel on going to bed. Seven a. m.—Startling disclosures: "Steward, has' night I put my clothes in that 'ar cubby-hole, an' they haint thar now."

"That aint a clothes-press; that's a port-hole, sir."